

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

Wood Type Edition

STYLINGS IN THE MAKING • Harry Mackinney

BOOKS AND BOOKS • Edwin H. Ford

BOOKS WANTED AND OTHER THINGS • South E. Smith

BOOKS FOR PUBLICATION IN THE FUTURE • Edwin H. Ford

BOOKS OF THE SEASON • Edwin H. Ford

BOOKS FOR PUBLICATION AND PRIVATE USE • Edwin H. Ford

October, 1938

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

ONCE each year THE QUILL presents an issue devoted almost entirely to articles by and concerning newspapermen in other lands—their experiences, their observations and comment. We also endeavor to present one or more articles dealing with problems of news gathering and handling in other countries.

The issue is our travel number as well. Why a travel issue of a newspaperman's magazine? Simply because a writer, as much and possibly more so than any other individual, needs the inspiration, the background and the reviving effect of travel both within and outside the borders of his own country.

MAX MILLER, author of "I Cover the Waterfront" and a steadily growing list of other well received volumes, was in Detroit recently. He's a very modest individual who tells you he can't write any better than a lot of other man in city rooms across the country—that he was just lucky and got a break. The point is that he DID take his spare time to write—and that he has kept at it ever since. He didn't let the success of his first volume go to his head or become at once the beginning and ending of his writing career.

But don't think there were no discouragements for him. We heard the story of "I Cover the Waterfront" and its marketing while he was here and pass it on to you by way of encouragement.

When he had completed the book, Miller sent it off to a publisher. It wasn't long before it was back. He sent it to another, and another—and another. Every time it came back.

"How many times did you send it out?" we asked him. "Gosh," he replied, "I lost count."

There came a day when he was so discouraged that he laid it aside. That was that—he'd written a book, it hadn't been acceptable—so what? Then a friend who had read the manuscript told Max he was going to New York and knew a publisher personally. Thought perhaps he could do something for the manuscript by personal approach.

Miller found the manuscript and gave it to him. When the friend re-

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Headlines in the Making

Trouble Spots of the World As Viewed by a Cable Editor

By HARRY MONTGOMERY

Cable Editor, International News Service

"... With boundaries as established by the treaties of peace following the World War."

THIS clause appears on the title page of many an atlas published in the '20's, and refers to changes, largely in Europe, which may lead to the next war. Let's see what's happening or may happen this spring of 1936, in the areas affected.

In February, reports from various European capitals were cabled to New York saying Hitler would reoccupy the Rhineland zone demilitarized by the Treaty of Versailles in a clause later embodied in the Locarno treaties. The German government officially denied the reports. Then on March 7 Hitler with dramatic suddenness stood before his Reichstag in Berlin and announced that even as he was speaking, Reich troops were marching into this zone. Rhinelanders were cheering goose-stepping troops even as Reichstag members cheered Hitler. But there was no cheering in Paris, Brussels, or London.

For several weeks cable wires clicked a steady staccato tune bringing in dispatches from all over Europe revealing grave fears of war in the highest quarters. Then it died down as Britain and Germany, each playing a game of delay, though for different reasons, managed to turn the former Allied powers' first shock into a calmer although nonetheless indignant attitude more susceptible to negotiation.

BUT the underlying issue remains as this goes to press, and the war threat is lessened only by elapsing time, truly a healer in big doses. The question is how big a dose is being administered in this case. As this is written it appears things will be quiet at least until after the French Parliamentary elections early in May. The atmosphere should be calmer for negotiation then, with both German and French balloting past and with government leaders having less reason to make those dangerous statements and take those defy-

ing stands which look so good at home and so provocative abroad.

But, on the other hand, the delay may be viewed as merely postponement of the inevitable; an adjustment must be made, and the issue must be met. What will be the final result of the powers' negotiation? The Rhineland problem, cabled H. R. Knickerbocker, ace foreign correspondent for *International News Service*, brought Europe closer to war than she ever had been since the end of the Great War. Certainly the Franco-German border must be considered a spot especially vulnerable to war during the next year and probably for some years to come, whatever may be the outcome of the negotiations over Hitler's Rhineland coup.

With occupation of the Rhineland, Hitler announced re-establishment of complete sovereignty over the Reich, and fulfillment of the first stage of the

Nazi program. His speeches in March, calculated partly to calm Europe's war fears, hinted without saying so that Germany was satisfied now. But before the month was out minor party leaders were talking again about Germany's getting back some of the colonies taken from her at the end of the World War. A return of colonies would greatly aid the Reich's poor economic situation. It is part of the Nazi program. A campaign for its attainment would go well at home.

But not so well abroad. This German desire for her old colonies is another thing to watch for possible trouble in the coming months. Hitler scrapped the Versailles Treaty by introducing conscription in the Reich and building up an army forbidden by the past with comparatively minor repercussions. In reoccupying the Rhineland, threatening more directly France's jealously-guarded security, Hitler nearly brought war to Europe. If and when Germany seeks further revision of the World War peace terms, we had better be prepared again for possible fireworks.

BEFORE leaving Germany we ought to take a look at a few other of the Reich's foreign problems which come within the trouble sphere. There is the question of Memel, of predomi-



—I. N. S. Photo

Harry Montgomery, cable editor of International News Service, seated, and James Lee, of the foreign department's rewrite staff, are shown here as they tried to locate some news points in Ethiopia. The cable desk keeps its atlas well thumbed.

nately German population but being under the sovereignty of Lithuania. There have been frequent outbreaks there during the past year, and there is no reason to believe there will be fewer during the coming year. The Germans resent the Lithuanian rule of this seaport, theirs before the war, and charge Germans there are unfairly treated.

There is Danzig, established a free port after the war, and the Polish corridor, cutting East Prussia off from the rest of the Reich, which remain a thorn in Germany's relations with Poland. This relationship turns alternately good and bad for Germany as Poland, straddling the fence, subtly swings support first to France and Russia and then to Germany. Poland, incidentally, is a big enigma in the present crisis.

There is Russia, with an army of 1,300,000, the world's largest, bitter enemy of Germany. Russia charges Germany with arming to attack the Soviet union. Germany charges the great Red army was built to attack the Reich.

Finally there is Austria and the question of her independence. Europe, and especially Italy, watch Nazi moves in this direction jealously. Germans would like Austria joined to the Reich; Italy and France would fight this bitterly. The Austrian situation was more acute one year and two years ago than it is at this writing, but it definitely will remain a sore spot at least during the coming year. Italy might

HARRY MONTGOMERY, cable editor of International News Service, has been "riding" the foreign desk in I. N. S. headquarters since 1930. Although he has handled every type of foreign dispatch during that time, the stories that gave him the most action were the Shanghai wars and the Italo-Ethiopian conflict.

Before joining I. N. S., Mr. Montgomery attended Columbia University. Previously, he was a student at Kings College, University of London, where he went from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

He broke into the newspaper game at an early age in Detroit, working on the Detroit Free Press and also on the Detroit Times. For a while, he was editor of a weekly publication in Detroit.

He has been day cable editor of I. N. S. since 1934. His first job on the foreign desk was hustling cable rewrites on the night trick. Later, he was promoted to night cable editor—then day cable editor.

do much for Germany, as little as Hitler and Mussolini personally care for each other, if Germany would sign an agreement pledging maintenance of

Austria's independence and integrity; but the Reich is pictured as this is written as being utterly unwilling to do this.

AUSTRIA'S independence is a big issue with Italy, but not the biggest. Italy has her "colonial campaign" in East Africa which the League of Nations chose to call a war against Ethiopia. Between Italy and Ethiopia runs the "Life line of the British Empire," the route from England through the Mediterranean to India. It is protected by a navy by far the greatest in Europe—Britain's. But so intent was Mussolini on attaining his goal in East Africa that last fall he defied this navy in particular and all the armies and navies of members of the League of Nations in general to carry on his war with Ethiopia. Having failed to turn from the threat of war with Britain once, it is safe to assume he will not turn away again, with his colonial aims now near attainment. The world does not yet know generally how gravely an Anglo-Italian war was feared in very high quarters in London and Rome last fall, and probably will not for some months to come. It is a fact some of the biggest men feared the worst.

Until the Ethiopian war is a closed chapter in the history of colonial Africa, therefore, we cannot overlook the Mediterranean and northeast Africa in our review of the world's trouble spots.

EUROPE has other danger points of lesser importance. Spain has domestic problems which may bring her into the world spotlight at any moment, the large gulf between the Left and the Right, constantly unsettled since founding of the republic, always being ready to produce violence in Spain's cities and on her farms. Turkey has occupied and threatens to fortify the Dardanelles in violation of the treaty of Lausanne thus affecting all shipping into and out of the Black Sea, not to mention the likely hostile reaction throughout the Balkans. Greece really has not settled down yet under its restored monarchy. Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Rumania have domestic troubles which flare into violence not infrequently.

Last winter saw violence in Egypt as Nationalists rose against British rule. There may be more of this until full details of a new Egyptian constitution are worked out. In Palestine there is renewed trouble between the 750,000 Arabs and the 350,000 Jews. They disagree bitterly over terms of the proposed legislative council for Palestine, administered by Britain under a

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As History Was Being Made—



—Associated Press Photo

Hans Luther, German ambassador to the United States, was vigorously discussing the German reoccupation of the demilitarized Rhineland with Washington newspapermen when this striking news photograph was made.



Canterbury



Along the Way

Prof. Edwin H. Ford, of the University of Minnesota's Department of Journalism, snapped along an English roadside during the tour of which he writes in the accompanying article. The pictures at the right and left are two of those made to serve as a permanent record of the journey.



York Minster

Bikes and Bitters

Informal Impressions of a Cycling Trip Through Britain

By EDWIN H. FORD

WHEN I gave myself an assignment several summers ago to cover England, I knew it wasn't going to be done in a motor car. I didn't want the motor car psychology; the whizzing-past-seeing-it-out-of-the-corner-of-your-eye attitude. It's taken too long to make England to see it that way.

I wanted to do it English fashion; to give myself time to let things soak in. I wasn't after celebrities. I wasn't going to "study conditions." What I wanted was John Bull in his garden or his pub, pointing out his castles and cathedrals, telling how he felt in general.

That's why I picked bicycles. And right here I ought to explain why my last noun is plural. There really were two of us on the assignment; my wife and I. But this story will be written chiefly from a single point of view.

THE bicycle part of the assignment started at Melrose, 30 miles south of Edinburgh, in the hills of Southern Scotland. It ended in Canterbury after more than a thousand Scotch and English miles had rolled under our spinning wheels. In the course of that thousand miles we tried to bring back not a collection of facts and souvenirs, but a series of impressions which would help us understand the true nature of the everyday Briton.

Travel by motor or train is too comfortable to give a sense of covering ground, of getting places under your own power. Try a bicycle, or walking, if you want to feel the thrill of Bunyan's Pilgrim or any of the ancient wayfarers. You plod up a three-mile hill, pushing your bicycle beside you most of the way. At the top you sit down on a stone wall, inhaling and ex-

haling with involuntary fervor. You don't gabble about the view; it's a prize too dearly bought. Then you throw away your cigaret, mount your bike and coast down into the valley, to another river and a new experience.

There were plenty of hills. If all of them that we pushed up and coasted down were piled one on another, the result would be a mountain nobody but Richard Halliburton would try to describe. I guess it's because I like them that so many of the pleasant experiences of the trip are mixed in somehow with hills. Early in our trip we pedaled through the Cheviots, great rolling fellows, stretching away from the road on either side. After a day of this we began to feel lonely and insignificant, and were glad to stop before nightfall at Moss Paul Inn, which was the only human habitation for as far as the eye could reach. Moss Paul

IF YOU really want to see a country and its people—if you want to know them, to be able to gather material for fiction or feature articles—travel by bike. That's the tip contained in this travelogue of a bicycle trip through Britain prepared for The Quill by Edwin H. Ford, of the Department of Journalism at the University of Minnesota. Prof. Ford, who holds degrees from Stanford, Harvard and Columbia, did newspaper work on the Minneapolis Journal, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer and with the Associated Press before taking up teaching. He has been associated with the faculties of the University of Washington, Harvard, the University of Oregon, and, now, Minnesota.

is an old coaching inn, with no urban sounds to disturb your slumber. You go to sleep hearing the sheep bleating in the hills.

To get into High Heskett, on your way to the Lake District, you coast down one hill into Low Heskett, swoop up a gentle incline into the village, and, if you're wise, stop at Salutation Inn. From its flagged courtyard you can see the Pennines on one side and the Cumberlands on the other—magnificent hills—with legend having it that King Arthur once threw some jewels into a

deep tarn not far from the village. If you stop a night at the Salutation you can sit in the public room, and over a pint of bitters watch the village boys play at darts with mine host.

BUT you really haven't seen English hills until you strike the Lake country. No wonder Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge loved it. And of all the English villages, Hawkshead, in the Lake country, is the quaintest.

We were no sooner settled in our quarters at The Old King's Arms there

than we had learned the sad story of the young maid who tidied up our room. Her young man had jilted her. She was quite unhappy and wanted most of all to go into service in London. I hope she didn't. Hawkshead was much better suited to her, if she could only have known it. Out walking in the hills near the village, from the tops of which three or four lakes could easily be seen, we encountered a genial old gentleman, whose daughter, so he informed us, had been secretary

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America Wants—and Gets—the Facts!



Smith Reavis

Foreign News Editor, The Associated Press.

ONE of the heartening symptoms of the health of the American press is the continued and widening demand for objective, uncolored and comprehensive foreign news. It is a demand that American newspapers are meeting more and more successfully despite the difficulties faced in these days of dictators, censors and propagandists, in collecting and transmitting the facts.

The answer lies largely in the character of the American correspondents abroad and the insistence of the newspapers themselves on accurate and objective reporting. The *Associated Press*, to cite the example with which I am most familiar, sends to foreign countries American-trained reporters of high integrity who demand and obtain facts and who handle them without distortion.

It has been said frequently that Americans do not get a straightforward and accurate picture of condi-

By SMITH REAVIS

tions abroad because they get only those things that propagandists and censors wish them to have. Fortunately that is not true. Most propaganda fails before it gets to the correspondent's typewriter, and when it is transmitted it is labeled for what it is.

If our experience in the *Associated Press* is general, the censor is more of a bugaboo than an actual menace. Strict censorships do exist, and they do delay, at times, news transmission. But we have found that they seldom have prevented us from getting the real facts or moving them to this country.

IN SOME countries, where the press is entirely government controlled, the correspondent faces the greatest difficulty in establishing sources to provide him with quick, accurate and untinted information. But the known integrity of most American correspondents has permitted them to find and employ such sources.

A censor, faced with a fanciful dispatch based on guesswork, may readily condemn it. An unbiased, factual account is another matter. It is something the correspondent can defend and a flat refusal to handle it renders the censor himself suspect.

The *Associated Press* long has made it a rule that domestically-trained, American newspapermen staff its bureaus abroad. In every major capital these men sit on the news, test it by *Associated Press* standards, write it in an unpartisan, objective manner. They know their sources and they frankly credit them when there is the slightest doubt as to the truth of a report or statement.

The events after the World War and our own entanglement in the affairs of other nations probably started the de-

mand for more comprehensive foreign news coverage. Of recent years it has been more and more insistent. With it was a desire for more non-editorial background and explanation. The foreign correspondent is called upon not only to recite the "spot" in a given situation, he is asked to picture the conditions surrounding it.

The American correspondent has filled that need excellently. His stories have not been concerned principally with crime and sensation. He has pictured the daily life of the people, and placed, to the best of his ability, events in the light of their background.

THE *Associated Press* handles, on an average, between 20,000 and 30,000 words of foreign news every day in the year. A few years ago that would have been impossible, for the newspapers, without acute reader interest, would have had no space for such a wordage. If one judges by the actual amount of news exchanged, the American reader must know far more about foreign countries than their readers know of his. Volume, outbound, is much less than inbound.

It is true that Hollywood, crime and sensation, have made up a relatively large part of the news transmitted from the United States to other countries. That is less the rule now.

For example, the *Associated Press* furnishes an extensive service to many South American newspapers. The call is all for serious, straightforward, factual news of the world. A few years ago European dispatches were preferred to comparable items from the United States. But more recently the South American countries, especially on the West and Northern coasts of the continent, have expanded their interest in American affairs.

Romulo—Molder of Public Opinion In the Philippines

By CARLOS QUIRINO

NO ONE man, with the exception of President Manuel Quezon, has a greater personal influence on public opinion in the Philippine Islands than Carlos P. Romulo, 36-year-old publisher of a syndicate of Manila newspapers.

Within the comparatively short time of 17 years, he has risen from an impecunious cub reporter to publisher of one of the two most powerful newspaper chains in the Islands. The importance of the position he holds can best be appreciated by comparing him to Roy W. Howard of the Scripps-Howard chain in the United States—but with this difference: because the Islands are comparatively smaller, Romulo's influence is relatively greater.

ROMULO started as a cub reporter during the last year or two of his college course, when he was in his late teens. While going to class in the mornings, he managed to cub at the *Times*, an afternoon daily owned and edited by Americans. He soon made a name for himself for his well-written articles and sensational scoops. During his senior year at the University of the Philippines, he edited the college paper. He graduated from the university in 1918 at the age of 19.

For a time he worked at the *Cable-news-American*, then one night the city editor failed to show up. Romulo was about the only one around the office and the worried publisher asked him if he could turn out the paper.

"I'll try," said young Romulo.

Somehow or another, without previous experience on the copydesk, he managed to turn out a fairly creditable newspaper. The publisher was so

pleased by the result that he forthwith made young Romulo assistant city editor—at a correspondingly higher salary. And a year later, when the city editor died, young Romulo took his place.

In 1920, Romulo enrolled at Columbia university where he majored in English and wrote a thesis on the short stories of O. Henry. While mastering the intricacies of the English language, Romulo observed American newspaper methods and practices, which were to stand him in good stead later on. He returned to Manila with the degree of Master of Arts in 1921, and began his sensational climb to the top of the journalistic ladder.

WHILE Romulo shone by the power of his pen—or typewriter if you wish—his rapid rise was greatly helped by his abilities as an orator and mixer par excellence. First of all, he captured the intelligensia of the Philippines by his activities at the university.

He successively became assistant professor, associate professor and then professorial lecturer in English within five years from his graduation at Columbia university. A witty speaker and a logical thinker, he made himself known through newspaper columns as well as public gatherings. Prior to his enrollment at Columbia, he had gotten into the good graces of the powers that be in the political world, and from 1918 to 1921 he was acting as publicity director for the Philippine Independence Mission in America.

The intelligensia began to respect his abilities as journalist and speaker, and as a literary man when he wrote three plays—"Daughters for Sale," "Juli," and "The Hidden Symbol"—



Carlos P. Romulo

which keenly analyzed social conditions in the Philippines. In 1928, he successfully coached the University of the Philippines debating team which toured the United States without a single defeat. He further clinched his power at the university, after becoming the recipient of numerous medals and honors, by becoming elected as alumni member of the all-powerful board of regents of the state institution.

Having gained the respect of the intellectuals, the friendship of the political leaders, and the adoration of the younger generation of educated Filipinos, it was not hard for Romulo to gain the confidence of the business circles. He became a faithful Rotarian, member of various civic committees, and an active backer of the Boy Scouts.

He was associate editor of the *Philippines Herald*, the first Filipino-owned daily in English, from 1921 to 1925, and then switched to the syndicate owned by Alejandro Roces, Sr., by starting the morning *Tribune*. A few years later, he became editor-in-chief of the Roces chain. And two years ago last August, he was offered a partnership in the *Herald-Debate-Mabuhay-Monday Mail* chain of papers by the owner, Vicente Madrigal. At last Romulo found himself free to direct the editorial policies and business affairs of a chain of newspapers—his final ambition.

SMALL in stature, he has been termed the Napoleon of Philippine journalism. Independent in his con-

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MEET the foremost figure in Filipino journalism—Carlos P. Romulo, publisher of the *Herald-Debate-Mabuhay-Monday Mail* chain of newspapers in Manila. A cub reporter 17 years ago, he now exerts a great personal influence on Filipino public opinion and affairs. His story is related by Carlos Quirino, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, who serves under the Romulo banner on the *Philippines Herald* in Manila. Mr. Quirino is the author of a recently published biography of the commonwealth's chief executive entitled: "Quezon: Man of Destiny."

What Europe Offers This Season

By **ALFRED A. FRANTZ**

Secretary, Institute of Foreign Travel

AS SUMMER nears, all Europe is making elaborate preparations for entertaining American visitors. From now until the end of the year each country will present a brilliant array of festivals, music programs, colorful observances of old customs, regattas, horse races, fairs and fete days of all kinds.

But this is not all; many European nations are reducing railway rates as special inducements to the traveling public, while others are making improvements in highways for the benefit of Americans who wish to motor abroad. For just as travel has become a great industry in America, so it has too in Europe, and every country now outdoes itself in presenting attractions for visitors and in doing everything to make the tourist's stay comfortable and enjoyable.

ALTHOUGH May Day is observed with May Pole dancing in most English villages, and Padstow and Helston celebrate it with customs dating back hundreds of years, pageantry in England does not reach its height until June 11, when the first Tattoo is given at Alder-

shot. This is repeated June 12 and 13, and again June 16-20. For 1936 the Ragoon River Expedition of 1824, with an Oriental setting of pagodas, will be reproduced, the event being climaxed with the destruction of Dalla by fire. Two Lowland regiments, assisted by bagpipe bands, will present a pageant, "Bruce Before Bannockburn," while the grand finale will show the presentation of the first Prince of Wales to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon in 1284.

Italy, too, is famous for pageants. One of its most colorful events is the celebrations of Corpus Christi, this year June 14, at Genzano, where the people carpet the street with flowers. The leading citizens of the town are each given a particular part of the street to decorate, and on the day of the fete the whole blossoms forth in designs of every color, all fashioned with flowers. The crowd is kept on the sidewalk, and then while musicians play and bells peal, a religious procession marches down the carpet, which is thus sacrificed as a holy offering.

Tulip-time has long been the favorite time of Americans visiting Holland, but this remarkable country has other

attractions that extend through the summer. Its art galleries are standard attractions, while its cheese markets at such places as Edam and Alkmaar are spectacles that no one wants to miss.

SCANDINAVIA has prepared numerous attractions for travelers this year, and North Cape cruises promises to be more popular than ever. One of Sweden's most interesting celebrations will be that of Midsummer's Eve, June 23, when in peasant sections of the country bonfires are lighted everywhere and the people spend the entire night dancing and celebrating. Many wear old national costumes, now seldom seen, on this occasion. Late summer, too, is enjoyable in Sweden, for then its entire population celebrates the crayfish season. These tiny shellfish are on every menu at that time, and table cloths, china, place cards, etc., are decorated with their tiny pink forms.

In Norway, Oslo celebrates its great holiday June 6, with the crowning of the city's most beautiful girl as the "Oslo Princess," and historical and national processions through the streets. Then July 6-12 Norway will entertain hundreds of Europeans and Americans, when the World Sunday School convention is held in Oslo. Doubt-



(Illustrations Courtesy German Railroads Information Office.)

A general view of the Stadium in Berlin where the 1936 Olympic games will be held.

lessly many who visit the country for this will extend their visit to make a cruise on the fjords and to visit such other Norwegian cities as Trondheim and Bergen.

One of Europe's most unusual holidays, from the American point of view, is the celebration of the Fourth of July at Rebild Park in Denmark. This park was given to the nation by Danes in the United States, and each year hundreds of Americans and Danes gather in it to celebrate our national holiday.

ALL roads in late summer will lead to Germany, where beginning Aug. 1 and extending through the 16th the Olympic Games will be held. Berlin has been making preparations for these during the last two years, and impressive ceremonies will mark the opening of the games. The torch to be burned over the Olympic stadium is to be lighted with a flame brought from Olympia in Greece, the seat of the ancient games, about 3,000 runners in relays carrying it across Europe. The run will take about 12 days.

In order that everyone may attend the games, the Wagner Bayreuth Festival has been divided into two parts, the first operas being staged before the games and the remainder later.

Both Austria and Hungary are again on the tourist map with outstanding music events. The program of operas and concerts at Salzburg, Austria, promises to be even more impressive than it has been in the past, and in Hungary the entire nation will pay tribute to its great musician, Franz Liszt, who was born 125 years ago and died 50 years ago.

April 28 to July 14 will see the famous Fetes de Paris in Paris, and for this occasion the city has arranged to bring entire opera companies from other European lands for special performances. A mystery play and concerts are scheduled for the court yard of the Louvre, horse races will be run at Longchamps, and many celebrations for special days are planned.

All summer in Normandy hardly a day passes without one of its colorful pardons. For these church festivals peasants dress in their finest costumes and parade through village streets, while the cattle, the fish-nets, or other special things for which the pardon is held are blessed.

SCOTLAND'S great celebrations come during August and September with the Highland Games. Great massed bands of bagpipes parade in different centers, Scottish athletes toss the caber, a long wooden shaft the size of a small telephone pole, and the final dancers do the Highland Fling. Because the whole country turns out in



One of Germany's showplaces is Neuschwanstein, one of the Bavarian "King's Castles" in the Bavarian Alps.

(Illustrations Courtesy German Railroads Information Office.)

tartans, the games are one of the most colorful sights in the entire British Isles.

Throughout the summer Ireland

holds numerous local fairs, which are graced with all the color of native Irish life.

Just as Poland has forged to the front in many other fields since it came onto the map of Europe again after the War, so it is now winning a place in the travel world. Its religious celebrations, such as those on Corpus Christi Day, are some of the most colorful in all Europe, for thousands of peasants turn out in their brilliant costumes. Gdynia, the country's new seaport, built up in just a few years from a mere fishing village, will celebrate May 18 with a sea festival, and many special events are scheduled at Zakopane, one of the country's most interesting resorts both in Summer and Winter.

Belgium too is on the tourist map of 1936. Long noted for its carillon concerts in its leading cities, this year it has planned even more for travelers. Among other events it will have the Grand Fete of the Guild of Arquebusiers at Vise on June 21, the Grand Prix of Europe Auto Race at Spa July 12, and national fetes at Brussels on July 21.

Texas Celebrates Her Centennial

The Southwest's first World's Fair, the \$25,000,000 Texas Centennial Exposition, opens in Dallas on June 6 to continue until Nov. 29.

Primarily, the World's Fair of 1936, it commemorates 100 years of Texas independence as a republic and a state but has for its background four centuries of colorful history. Six flags have flown over Texas soil—those of Spain, France, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the Confederacy and the United States.

In 1836, Texas became an independent republic by breaking away from Mexico. The Texas Centennial Exposition of 1936 is in celebration of this event and the century of progress since achieved.

Leading industrial concerns of the nation are participating in the Exposition on a scale involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. Among these are Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, DuPont, General Foods, Standard Brands, General Electric, Westinghouse, the Texas Company, Continental Oil Company, Gulf Oil Company, ten railroad systems serving the Southwest, and representatives of other industries spanning the entire course of human activity.

As other World's Fairs have featured science, the arts or some other major phase of progress, the Texas Centennial Exposition will present as one of its principal features its Agrarian Way

along which five great buildings will house the largest agricultural and livestock exhibit ever assembled in one place. Proper attention however will be accorded also to science, manufactures, the fine arts, etc. One of the major sections of the Exposition will be the Cultural Center, erected by the City of Dallas, which will include museums of natural history, horticulture and fine arts, an aquarium, a hall of domestic science, and an outdoor amphitheater and symphony shell.

Music will be given a prominent place in all programs of the Exposition with grand opera, famous name orchestras and bands, the National Folk Festival, and other events to be presented. Sports will not be overlooked. Football games, rodeos, polo games, field and track events, and boxing and wrestling will be included in the World's Fair calendar.

One of the outstanding features of the Exposition will be the presentation, daily, of the "Cavalcade of Texas," gigantic dramatization of the 400-year history of the Lone Star state, which is being produced at an initial cost of \$150,000. More than 300 actors will take part. The stage will be 300 feet wide and 175 feet deep with water curtains dividing the different levels. A real stream will flow before the footlights with replicas of the boats of the first explorers of Texas floating in its waters.



Ray Rousseau

Rousseau is an ace cameraman for N. E. A. Service, Inc., whose experiences in Ethiopia are related in the accompanying article. Much of the material is quoted directly from his letters to his home office.

BITTER hardships and even death were challenged by the cameramen covering Italy's undeclared war in Ethiopia.

Their struggles to provide the world with pictures of this conflict between the ancient and the modern in warfare constitute one of journalism's most dramatic chapters. There may never be another like it.

Take the story of Ray Rousseau, veteran cameraman for N. E. A. Service and Acme Newspictures, Inc., and dean of news photo shooters the world over.

Wherever there is news in action you will find Rousseau. He has recorded tragedy by air, sea, fire, flood and assassin's bullet. Wilson, Clemenceau, Hitler, Mussolini, kings and Barbara Hutton have flashed before his everyready shutters. He is admittedly the best technician among Paris photographers, with a real love for the profession.

Thus it was only logical that N. E. A.'s Paris bureau ordered him to take command of its picture problems in Ethiopia last September.

Rousseau joined the Italian army in Eritrea. He and H. V. Drees, also of N. E. A., who accompanied the primitive Ethiopian forces, were the first foreign photographers to penetrate the war zone and their valuable photos were dispatched by courier, plane and radio to newspapers all over the world before the fighting really began in earnest.

ALMOST as graphic as his pictures were Rousseau's letters to his home offices in Cleveland and New York. They chronicled long marches under a blistering sun and longer, sleepless nights of insufferable cold; they told what it was to fight choking clouds of dust, desert cactus, rocks and flies and fever, how to felt to go four days with scarcely a bite to eat, and what it meant to crave a single drop of rain.

He sailed from Naples aboard the Italian troopship "Ganges" early in October of last year. In December, N. E. A. headquarters pored over Ray's first letter mailed from Eritrea.

"We reached Messina early in the morning of Oct. 8," wrote the cameraman, "where the ship dropped anchor until evening when several hundred troops were embarked. The day was very hot and the troops passed their time hauling up fruit in tin cans over the sides of the ship from vendors who swarmed about us in rowboats.

"At sunset the ship resumed her journey while the whistles of the destroyers, hoarse, cheering crowds and the troops joined in a noisy farewell.

"I was given a very comfortable cabin to myself in the officers quarters and the meals were good. The Italians were exceptionally courteous and cordial. Electric fans were going day and night to alleviate the stifling temperatures all during the voyage. Most of the troops slept on the decks and many of them wore only shorts. They

Pictures, Preci

Covering the Conqu

By Camera Proves an

By PAUL FRIGGENS

passed their time singing, sleeping and eating. The first Sunday on board a mass was said on deck with all the troops and officers in sun helmets to protect themselves from the blistering rays.

"We reached Port Said about 3 a. m., and I was awakened by the shouts of the Egyptian vendors who, like those at Messina, swarmed around our ship in rowboats. They sold everything.

THE trip through the Red Sea passed without incident but the terrific heat continued unabated. About midnight, Oct. 13, the day before we landed at Massawa, a terrible storm broke, accompanied by a continuous lightning display. The gale blew so hard that the ship could no longer make headway. Canvas deck awnings were ripped to shreds and at times the ship rode at a sharp angle as huge waves crashed against her. The fury lasted for an hour and then ended as suddenly as it had started. That is characteristic of the Red Sea!

"We arrived in Massawa harbor the next day and docked in the evening. The unloading of the troops and supplies began immediately in the hot, sultry air. We went ashore at the same time. It was a strange sight, I can tell you—modern trucks being loaded by sweating natives, crude houses thrown together with rough boards, queer little dirty shops—all looking weird in the moonlight.

"The next morning I got up at dawn and accompanied by natives who carried my baggage we went to the station to take the antiquated train for Asmara. I was glad to leave Massawa!

"After more than five hours of climbing up the mountains, where it was much cooler, we arrived finally at Asmara and were shown to our lodgings, about ten minutes' walk from the Ufficio Stampa.

"After a lot of impatient waiting I finally managed to secure an open Chevrolet truck in which we piled our tents, bedding, film supplies, water and canned foods, to start on our first trip to the front at Adigrat. We rode for 12 hours over terrible mountain roads along the edge of precipices and steep

Precipices and Privation

Conquest of Ethiopia Is an Arduous Task

hairpin turns, choked by clouds of dust. The sun was overpowering and when we reached Adigrat and pitched camp after dark, we were exhausted.

"So much so, in fact, that while we were getting our tents up, one of our English confreres warmed up some canned soup over an alcohol stove 'so we would last out.' We also gratefully accepted a tin cup full of coffee from the Italian soldiers before turning in. But even sleep was difficult because in a few hours it became bitterly cold and we had to arise to keep warm.

"So I set about exposing my first films. Worked all day and rode all that night back to Asmara to develop and caption the films in time for the airmail to Paris and London."

LATER, from rough notes scratched off in his room in Asmara—a combination bedroom, kitchen and darkroom—Ray wrote before the fall of Makale:

"Five or six of us decided to try to

get to Makale from here. We wanted to be on hand when Ras Gugsa's army took the town, and make pictures of the event. Ras Gugsa is the native chieftain who went over to the Italians.

"We loaded our supplies, tents, blankets, canned food and films in a truck. We knew it would be a rough ride, because in this war it's the mountains that are the toughest to fight.

"On the hairpin turns of the narrow trail roads, with a drop of seven hundred or eight hundred feet just over the edge, the trucks are too big. So they have to back them up to make the turns. The driver coasts down until the front wheels are on the brink of the precipice. Then somebody blocks the rear wheels and the driver backs up as far as he can, and cramps the wheel. Then he slides down again, just making it.

"Our first stop was Adigrat where we arrived in the evening after a 12-hour ride. We had just pitched our tents when a severe tropical storm broke over us, lasting all night.

"At dawn we continued on to Agoula but found there that it was impossible to get down to the plains. The only trail was a goat-track ravine. So we

abandoned our truck and commandeered an army 'carette,' a sort of small truck that can travel in these trackless wastes. But even that proved useless for we soon came to a precipice that dropped off a sheer 1,000 feet. We decided to walk.

MAKALE was 30 miles ahead, down that precipice and across the plain. The altitude was 9,000 feet, the sun was blazing down. It was hard to breathe and looked like an awful job scrambling down that cliff.

"A British cameraman and I went on together. We couldn't take any food with us—nothing but our cameras and films. We couldn't tell when we would eat next, but neither could the army, because the rains had jammed up the source of supply.

"We lost the other fellows somewhere but the Britisher and I got to Makale somehow and made the pictures of Ras Gugsa and the occupation of the town. Not a shot was fired.

"I'll never forget the return trip to Agoula. We had managed to get hold of two mules and two Abyssinian guides to lead the way. It was blazing bright moonlight when we started out but I'd rather have climbed back up that cliff on my hands and knees than on that mule.

"As I had abandoned everything in the truck, including coats, the cold was



This photograph, taken by Ray Rousseau, shows Italian troops and tanks near the town of Adigrat. It also shows the desolate nature of the country over which soldiers and cameramen alike struggled toward Addis Ababa, suffering from heat and thirst.

almost unendurable. We figured we covered about 60 miles on mules and by walking.

"Then finally we picked up another truck, and after a jolting eight-hour ride, reached Agoula. When the rest of our party caught up with us, we moved on to Asmara, riding all night and all the next day until 2:00 p. m. We were completely exhausted. Several times we were forced to drink from small, perhaps unclean streams, as we had no water.

"We hadn't much to eat for four days, and when our driver at Agoula boiled a chicken in an empty gasoline can, I can tell you it tasted great."

FROM an earlier letter intense privation was reflected in this terse paragraph:

"This trip (to Adoua and Aksum) took five days. I was worn out on the long ride, where there is nothing but high mountains, giant cactus, rocks, thorny shrubs and stifling clouds of dust. . ."

But in still another letter, Rousseau proves that in spite of these hardships, he never lost his sense of humor. He wrote:

"I was taken ill during the night in a tent occupied by a veterinary doctor who cared for me until daylight. He would get up every hour or so to see how I was. Evidently his mule medicine did me a lot of good for I was on the march again in the morning."

Invariably Rousseau faced difficult conditions as he battled against time and often disrupted communications to get his war photos out of Africa. He blocked the little window of his room with red paper and blankets and developed his pictures in Asmara or de-

PAUL FRIGGENS, N. E. A. staff writer who prepared this interesting article on Ray Rousseau and his adventures for *The Quill*, was graduated from the University of South Dakota in 1931. No job forthcoming, he set up his own news bureau at Belle Fourche, S. D., and later the Capital News Bureau at Pierre, S. D.

He then joined the United Press and was assigned to the capital staff at Lansing, Mich. He then became assistant manager of the northwest bureau, with headquarters at Minneapolis. From that assignment he went to United Features Syndicate and last January 1 joined the N. E. A. staff at Cleveland.

veloped them in a tent on the field. Drying the films was hampered by dust and the temperatures. Then on one occasion, a truck overturned, smashing several of his precious film packs. That was a real loss in the parlance of a business that considers that "one good photo is worth 10,000 words."

Once the films were ready, Rousseau dispatched them by plane through the Italian lines to Rome, where Morris Gilbert, N. E. A. Paris manager, received them and shot the hottest on to London for radio transmission to the United States. The others were rushed by plane and boat.

At the same time, Drees, on the southern Ethiopian front, dispatched

his films by special plane from Addis Ababa and Djibouti to Alexandria, thence to Athens via Imperial Airways and from Athens to London.

"It isn't one handicap, it's another," Rousseau scribbled on a note dispatched with a recent batch of war shots. "Let me tell you more about the weather, for one thing. It doesn't follow the rules.

"You go for days in torrid heat until you crave and pray for a drop of rain. They tell you that it won't rain until next month or next year. And then a tropical cloudburst breaks and lasts for hours on end, choking the air.

"The next day though, it is damn hot and smelly and sticky again. It's the same thing over and over with disease and rotten food, except for what the Italians give us, to complicate matters."

Romulo—

[Concluded from page 7]

victions, he has the courage to voice his opinions though sad experience and greater responsibility has taught him to be a bit more conservative as he grows older; now, following the good old newspaper proverb, he never starts a campaign unless he's reasonably certain of victory. Like William Randolph Hearst, he comes out every so often with a front-page signed editorial. In his treatment of news, he is inclined towards sensationalism. Though he occupies the dignified chair of the publisher, he has never really outgrown his reportorial days and often shows youngsters how a star reporter should really work. His memory is amazing, and he has been known to reproduce more than once speeches which lasted for over an hour without the aid of penciled notes.

He has been urged on many occasions to enter politics, aided by the powerful party headed by President Quezon, but to all these tempting offers he has turned a deaf ear. And why not? In his present position, he wields mighty power over national affairs and receives no interference from people "higher up." He has no bosses to dictate to him. His only worry is to produce alert, intelligent newspapers, and to run them on a profitable basis, like any other commercial venture.

"With autonomy," he said, "there will be a greater interest in newspapers on the part of the Filipinos as they will most certainly want to read news of their own government." His dream is to see his papers reach the fabulous circulation of half a million copies, in the English and Tagalog languages, as he believes that the field in Spanish newspapers is limited.

ROUSSEAU, born in Buffalo 42 years ago of French parents, went overseas in 1917 with the A. E. F. signal corps and has been back of a lens most of the time since. He has shot history in the making from the Hindenburg line to the deserts of Africa.

Wiry, slender, serious of aspect, Rousseau personifies a bulldog tenacity when he's after pictures. French cops were swinging their night sticks viciously in a churning mob of the Paris boulevards during the Stavisky riots of 1934. Ray was in the middle of it. Three "flics" jumped him, tried to seize and smash his camera. Ray has a chain on his camera box to carry it by. The cops bore down hard, and twisted. Ray came out with a badly mangled hand—which still held the camera.

The night of Feb. 6, 1934, saw the climax of the Stavisky rioting and Ray was again in the thick of it. A mob of several thousand demonstrators filled the Palace de la Concorde, trying to attack the Chamber of Deputies, across the Seine. A barricade of police held the bridge. Ray was between the lines when the fusillade broke out that caused the death of 23 persons. But he got his photos!

By J. GUNNAR BACK

THE writer to whom I talked had written about 50 "weird" tales, all in collaboration with another writer. Of this number, 30 had been sold.

There is no particular advantage in having two people working together on



J. Gunnar Back

tales of horror for the pulps, except that one can be reading William Seabrook and getting up on black magic, while the other pounds the typewriter and provides a local (or foreign) setting for the voodooism. From these two successful free lancers in terror, I tried to get a formula to pass on through this column. For all my pains, I might better be out having a beer instead of attempting to tell anyone what these stories should be like.

Is it acceptable to have the scene a university "stiff" lab, with the cadavers holding merry conclave by night? "Why not," reply these writers. "We sold one in which cadavers did just that."

Is it acceptable to create a mythical kingdom of Oquilonia whose king is forced to battle the evil doings of one Xaltotun, an ancient sorcerer who really died three thousand years before, yet refuses to stay put? Why not? Look in *Weird Tales*, April, p. 450. That story has been running since December.

In short, all you need is imagination and the ability to write along swiftly and tersely, without dallying over needless words and descriptions. If you have that, read terror tales off the newstands for a day or so. You've then learned what the editors publish. Go ahead and write. Be as fantastic as you wish, but be sure you know how to tell a story, even though *Scribners* would never care for your stuff.

"Weird" tales are made out of Edgar Allen Poe, Boccaccio, Washington Irving, fairy tales, folklore, Buck Rogers, the radio program *Lights Out*, pseudo-science, campfire ghost stories, Tarzan, Egyptology, Haiti jungle superstition, astrology, necromancy, and books hidden in the dust of libraries—anything that brings life to the dead or the thing no one has ever seen or the future no one will ever see. Frankenstein and Dracula have no monopoly

on the rôles of ornery creatures. You may be able to figure out a better monster yourself. That is, if he isn't too silly.

In the terror tale there must be one or more normal people who are forced to come to grips with the monstrous being or force. A man innocently buys a haunted house or takes a trip to Africa to hunt nothing more ferocious than lions. Usually the traveler to Africa in horror fiction is a scientist who doesn't even care to encounter lions. Atmosphere is more important than action, and action is more important than characterization. Save the characterization for the one or two eccentric people the story might well have. It must be remembered that pure silliness is no substitute for ingenuity. Since the sky is the limit in subject matter, ingenuity sells terror stories. Love interest isn't necessary. Sometimes the editors get too many stories with vampires in them.

The reward for writing these tales is largely the fun one gets out of the degree to which one can almost make people believe that what happened in the story is not at all impossible, come to think of it. Payment is commonly one-half cent a word; one cent a word is infrequent.

Here is a list of horror story publications. Your correspondent advises you to read them before trying the field. Having finished his column, he is going out for the beer he mentioned in paragraph two. He hopes the bartender confines his magic to the foaming stein.

Weird Tales, Popular Fiction Co., 840 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Terror Tales, Horror Stories, Spider, Popular Publications, Inc., 205 E. 42nd St., New York.

Thrilling Mystery, Beacon Magazines, Inc., 22 W. 48th St., New York. (Pulp detective stories are often horror stories.)

Mystery Novel Magazine, Winford Publications, Inc., 165 Franklin St., New York.

Shadow, Street and Smith, 79-89 7th Ave., New York.

NATHANIEL W. BARNES (DePauw) is a consultant on written communications in business, his clients including large corporations, small companies and individual executives. He also teaches four courses at Columbia University in the field of Business Communication—Advanced Business Writing, Direct Mail Advertising, Sales Correspondence.

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• THE BOOK BEAT •

THIS being the Travel issue of *THE QUILL*, it is only fitting that this department be in harmony and devote its attention to books falling into the realm of travel.

If you are looking for a pair of rare volumes that will take you far from your usual run of reading—bring you adventure, strange scenes, humor and flashes of history, old and new, we would recommend "Tents in Mongolia" and its companion volume, "Men and Gods in Mongolia," written by Henning Haslund and published at \$5 each by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Haslund, a young Danish military cadet, went to Northern Mongolia with an expedition headed by Dr. C. I. Krebs for the purpose of developing in Mongolia a colony for farming purposes, trade and mineral investigation. The expedition left Copenhagen in March, 1923. Haslund told the story of the expedition and its experiences in his first book, "Tents in Mongolia," which Dutton's published in 1934.

It was and is a thrilling book, packed full of absorbing incidents, and justly termed one of the best books written against the Far Eastern scene in many, many years.

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After leaving the colony, Haslund was offered a job with the famed Sven Hedin expedition into Mongolia in 1927. His second volume, "Men and Gods in Mongolia," has to do with experiences encountered as a member of that expedition and also on his own.

Both volumes are attractively printed, beautifully bound and exceedingly well illustrated. Their content and style are remarkable.

Perhaps you gather that we are enthusiastic. That's what we're trying to impart. We are—and you will be too if you are lucky enough to get hold of them.

Another book concerning the Far East we've enjoyed—and one that will give you a good background for the things that are happening in that area today is "Riding the Tiger," written by the late Harry Carr, the Lancer of the *Los Angeles Times*, published in 1934 by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The book was published at \$2.50.

Houghton-Mifflin also published the lively, colorful "Gringa," the adventures of an American woman in Mexico, the author being Emma-Lindsay Squier. This also was published late in 1934 and is splendidly illustrated with photographs made by John Bransby.

This is a good volume to read if you are planning to make a trip to Mexico City. And with all the interest in the new highway to that beautiful old capital and the many Americans planning to make the journey, you'd better join the friendly invasion before too many tourists have "spoiled" the city as they have others. "Gringa" is priced at \$3.50.

And still another palm to the firm of Houghton-Mifflin for that remarkable autobiography by Cornelia Stratton Parker, author of "An American Idyll." The title was "Wonderer's Circle" and it was published late in 1934 at \$3.50.

As its title indicates it very properly belongs in a list of books having more or less to do with travel and travel experiences. The volume is a sparkling account of people, places and things—ranging from Oklahoma to Coney Island to Europe and here and there and back again over a period of 15 years.

Should you be spending the summer in the vicinity of Beaver Island, off the shores of Michigan, you will be doubly interested in "Crown of Glory," written by Prof. O. W. Riegel, director of the Lee School of Journalism at Washington & Lee University and the author of "Mobilizing for Chaos." It was pub-

lished recently by the Yale University Press at \$3.00.

It is the story of that remarkable character, James Jesse Strang who founded a Mormon kingdom on Beaver Island, was elected to the Michigan Legislature and finally was murdered by disgruntled members of the colony.

Should Monte Carlo and vicinity be in your itinerary this summer or at some future date—or if you never go there, for that matter—you will find the story of "The Wizard of Monte Carlo," written by Count Corti, author of "The House of Rothschild" and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., at \$3.00, an interesting one.

It is the story of Francois Blanc and the gambling casinos at Monte Carlo and Homburg. It also is the story of internationally famous people who met fortune or disaster there.

We might continue our list of books with travel aspects—but the ones included will keep you busy—and entertained—indefinitely. The point we'd like to leave is this—travel if and when you can but if you can't you can still get a lot of pleasure of reading of people and places you'd like to visit when you respond to wanderlust.

Also, that if you do travel, you get much more pleasure out of it if you have read something of the history and cultural and social background of the areas you are going to visit.

Books and Authors

Courtney Ryley Cooper, whose "Ten Thousand Public Enemies" aroused so much interest and comment when published last March is now at work on another volume to be based on his personal experiences as a crime reporter and intimate knowledge of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The new book, announces his publishers, Little, Brown & Co., will be entitled "Here's to Crime" and published next fall.

Ernest Hambloch, journalist and one-time attache of the British Embassy, who was expelled some time back from Rio de Janeiro for writing a book condemning the Brazilian Fascists, will be represented in the Dutton lists for 1936. Hambloch, in explaining his expulsion, said that his book, "His Majesty the President of Brazil," which Dutton's are issuing, was objectionable to the Government. He formerly represented the *London Times* in Rio.

WILLIAM A. EVANS (Indiana '23) is Director of Publications of the Indianapolis Public Schools, a position he has held since 1931 when he resigned from the journalism faculty of the University of West Virginia.

Bikes and Bitters

[Concluded from page 6]

to the Earl of Warwick. He told us that the English death taxes were "highway robbery," asked about affairs in the United States, and said that he "knew a bit of a chestnut about President Taft."

The Cotswolds are something worth tackling in the way of hills. From their highest points you can look out across the English countryside, cut into neat geometric patterns by stone fences, trees and hedges. It was from the cool, clear air of the Cotswolds that we rolled down into the town of Bath, which was as warm and steamy as its name implies.

That's the charm of bicycling. Contrasts. One day we were gazing with wonder at Fountains Abbey, one of the most magnificent abbey ruins in England. Only a few days later we were sitting in the tap room of The Coach and Horses in the old walled city of York, watching the local residents relaxing over their evening glasses of ale or bitters. In one corner sat a frowsy damsel of uncertain age with her dog and a woman companion. Being somewhat in her cups she waxed more and more genial, until, rising to go, she climaxed her evening's performance by pausing at the door, leering at her amused American audience and remarking, "Come up and see me sometime." Our landlady was half amused; half scandalized. "She doesn't know any better," we were informed. "She comes from Newcastle."

There was nothing strange about our English Mae West having her dog in the pub with her. Everywhere you go in England you find dogs. While we were in Leominster we were witnesses of one painful but valuable experience in the life of a frisky young terrier. He came out of The Conservative Club, which was across the square from our hotel, with his master and a more sedate canine companion. The young terrier began biting at the feet of a working man riding by on a bicycle. After trying ineffectually to shoo the dog away, the rider kicked him in the nose with a heavy boot. Yowling and clawing at his outraged muzzle, the pup scooted for the friendly shelter of the Club doorway. For the rest of the morning nothing could be seen of him but a very cautious nose thrust tentatively out of the door at rare intervals. He had no doubt become one of the most conservative members of the Conservative Club.

ENGLAND may have her liberals and Hyde Park exhorters, but she is still pretty conservative in the rural areas.

Take the case of the Major, for instance. He was in charge of the turnstile that admits tourists to Raglan Castle. He may not even have been a constable, but he looked like a major, with his well cut clothes, florid face and gray hair and mustache. Leaving the Castle grounds we stopped to talk with him.

While he was in the midst of a doleful tale concerning the frightful paucity of tourists that summer, a large motor car full of people stopped beside the wire fence that encloses the Castle grounds. The Major stared at the new arrivals incredulously. Apparently they were just going to have a look at the outside of the crumbling walls, without paying the sixpence admission.

"Here, here!" expostulated the Major loudly, "you cawn't do that, you know!" The car drove off rapidly while the Major, purple with rage, shook his fist at the retreating sightseers and bellowed, "Scoundrels! Scoundrels!" We must have looked amused, or astonished, for turning and seeing us, his rage seemed to cool slightly, and he said, half apologetically, "You cawn't keep up a castle that way; you cawn't really."

Both the Leominster pup and the Major had had disillusioning experiences. But the British are a sturdy breed. They thrive on experience. It's the spirit that has kept them at the top of the heap for centuries. Even their gravestones testify to the value of experience. In the burying ground outside Winchester Cathedral lies Thomas Thetcher, a Hampshire Grenadier militiaman. On his simple stone marker are engraved the following lines:

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,

"Who caught his death by drinking cold, small beer.

"Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,

"And whenever hot, drink strong or none at all."

Honolulu has several Oregon State Sigma Delta Chi alumni—WEBLEY EDWARDS, '28, with Radio Station KGMB; ELVIN HOY, '24, professor at the University of Hawaii; LORING G. HUDSON, '27, Kamehameha Schools, Honolulu, and ROBERT BELT, '28, an engineer of prominence on the nearby island of Kauai.

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Headlines in the Making

[Concluded from page 4]

League of Nations mandate. There is a strong group of nationalist Arab youths who urge eviction of both the British and the Jews from Palestine.

Looking further eastward, we come to India, where 336,600,000 people have recently been placed under a new constitution approved by Britain and creating a federated system as a first step toward dominion status. These people, representing one-fifth of the world's population, have adjustments to make under the new system. There is bound to be conflict between local and central authorities, and it would not be new to India if it were violent.

Now we're getting into the Far East. If we hadn't been sidetracked looking for trouble in southern Europe we should have gone directly there from Russia while mentioning her in connection with Germany, for the Soviets keep a keen eye cocked on Japan, and Russo-Japanese relations in the past year have made far more news than Russo-German relations. The Soviet union is the most direct link between Europe and Asia, and one which would be strained greatly in event of a conflagration on either Continent.

JAPAN, extending her empire on the Asiatic mainland, guards jealously every inch of Manchukuo's territory. The Russo-Japanese frontier here is a long one, beginning not far from Vladivostok and going northward some 500 miles to the Amur River, and then northeastward and southwestward in a great semicircle for about 2,000 miles down to Inner Mongolia. The last part of this frontier is between Manchukuo and Outer Mongolia, under the Soviet sphere of influence. Thus it will be seen Manchukuo is surrounded on three sides by Soviet-controlled territory of Siberia and Outer Mongolia. The bond between the U. S. S. R. and Outer Mongolia is strong, their respective governments having recently signed a mutual assistance treaty.

This long frontier between Russian and Japanese spheres of influence is poorly demarcated for the most part, and this has been the immediate, but probably not the underlying, cause of scores of "border incidents" in recent months which have strained severely relations between Tokyo and Moscow. Each of these incidents is alike. There is a clash between Manchukuo and Siberian or Mongolian troops, usually with several killed. Big guns and airplanes sometimes are mentioned. Both Moscow and Tokyo announce details

of the clash indignantly. The details published in each capital are just about the same except for one point—Moscow charges the Japanese or Manchukuo troops crossed into Soviet territory, and Tokyo charges the Soviet troops crossed Manchukuo's boundary to attack the Japanese-controlled forces on their own ground. Each government files a protest with the other, the respective presses of the two countries rant a little, and the situation dies down until the next clash.

The thing to watch for here is a clash that will not die down—the clash that will not follow the pattern. As the grievances pile up, the bigger the potential danger of a final blowoff. Japan believes Russia is preparing for war against her in the Far East, and Russia believes Japan is intent on cutting into Soviet influence in Asia. Both say their own intentions are peaceful, and they have planned to settle the boundary issue by appointing a commission to demarcate the frontier. But even if the boundary issue is settled within the next 12 months, which now seems hardly likely, this will remove only the surface cause of the Russo-Japanese clashes. An underlying rivalry exists which may burst forth in another form. Cable editors looking for trouble will have to keep a sharp eye peeled for the new shape, whatever it is.

IT MAY be a further Japanese thrust into North China, something Russia watches for very closely. Sino-Japanese relations remain a definite source of possible trouble. Japanese penetration on the mainland has been pushed in stages. First there is a quiet grasping of influence, and then a more open establishment of authority. The second move generally arouses hostile reaction abroad, and then things will quiet down. Then the move is repeated in the next region.

"Autonomous" states have been set up in the northern Chinese provinces under Japanese influence, proclaiming their independence of the Chinese Nationalist government in Nanking. This government is none too strong, its leaders being divided among themselves. China so far has submitted to what the Japanese have undertaken. How long she will do this, how long Russia or other European nations will allow Japan to push southward into China, and how far Japan intends to go all are issues which must be

watched in our search for trouble spots.

If Japan looks offensively to Asia, she looks defensively the other way into the Pacific. The Washington and London naval treaties will expire at the end of this year, leaving the big naval powers free to build navies as large as they can afford and leaving the question of fortification of Pacific Islands wide open. The Treaty of London, 1936, replacing the expiring treaties with only qualitative limitation agreed upon by the United States, Great Britain, and France, leaves the Pacific question virtually unaffected. Japan wanted parity with the British and American fleets, and quit the London naval conference this year because she was refused it. On January 1 she will be free to build to parity if she wants to try it. Britain and the United States can build too, so she probably will not start a naval race. But she is keenly interested in what the United States intends to do about fortifying and establishing naval bases on the Aleutian and Hawaiian Islands and on Guam and Wake Islands. Japan doesn't want any more American guns in the Pacific.

Our Congress has heard appeals for bigger naval defenses on our West Coast in which Japan's militaristic ambitions were cited. The House of Representatives has been warned by some Pacific coast Congressmen that Japan wants to rule the Pacific. We cannot overlook this part of the world in our search for trouble potentialities, as it certainly contains spots which have them.

THE United States may encounter trouble in Puerto Rico which will make news of first-rate importance to American readers. Statehood and Nationalist factions are warring now in purely political fashion, but violence has broken out in the past few months, and certainly can again. A cable editor acting solely on past experience cannot take an eye off Cuba if he is to be on the alert for trouble, nor neglect to watch the South American republics, where revolution and violence can make news at any time.

Finally, if we are to believe those who say the next big war will involve us whether we will or no, we are taken back to Europe on this link between the Old World and the New. We have girdled the globe jumping from one possible trouble source to another. And our jumps have not been very long ones. The fact they were so short—that the trouble areas are so many and so close together—makes the danger of an outbreak in any one of them all the more grave, the danger of spreading trouble all the greater.

WHO • WHAT • WHERE

NATHE P. BAGBY (Texas '29) account executive of the Erle Racey Advertising Agency, Dallas, Texas, has been elected a part-time member of the faculty of Southern Methodist University to teach a high school class in journalism in the downtown branch of the university.

JOE HENDRICKSON and RALPH MUELLER, both Minnesota '35, have joined the staff of the Minneapolis Star.

KENNETH SCHMIDT, formerly of the staff of the Blooming Prairie (Minn.) Times is now assistant to the publisher of the Bayport (Minn.) Herald.

A. TRUMAN POUNCEY (Texas '35), winner of the Sigma Delta Chi Scholarship award in 1935, is now working on the San Antonio Light as police reporter.

Seven members of the Oklahoma chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, publishers of dailies and weeklies, were awarded prizes in the annual Oklahoma state fair newspaper contests.

The Clinton Daily News, published by BUFF B. CURTIS, '22, was awarded third place in the community service dailies classification; the Chickasha Star, published by J. W. KAYSER, '24, was awarded fifth place in the community service weeklies; the Altus Times-Democrat, published by HARRINGTON WIMBERLY, '23, was awarded first place, the Chickasha Express, published by GEORGE H. EVANS, Associate, second place, and the El Reno American, published by H. M. WOODS, '16, fifth place in the outstanding editions classification.

The Norman Transcript of FRED E. TARMAN, Associate, placed second in the advertising contest, and the Wagoner Record-Democrat, published by JIM BIGGERSTAFF, Associate, was awarded third place for general excellence in the weeklies having more than 1,200 circulation.

ROBERT H. BULL (Butler) is assistant city editor of the Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail, director of journalism for Morris Harvey College and publicity secretary for the Charleston Educational Center.

WESLEY E. FARMER (Washington '31) is editor of the Burbank (Calif.) News.

FRANCISCO G. TONOGBANUA (Wisconsin '30) is now principal of Special Detail of the Academic Division, Bureau of Education, at Manila, P. I.

LOUIS D. FELSHEIM (Oregon Associate) is publisher of the farthest west newspaper in the United States. His newspaper, a weekly, is Westmost, and is published at Bandon-by-the-Sea, Ore.

HARRY BARSANTEE (Wisconsin '25) has left the National Safety Council in Chicago to become supervisor of the News Bureau of the Travelers Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

WILLIAM KOSTKA (Knox '27) recently was elevated to the position of managing editor of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

WILLIAM MCGAFFIN (Nebraska '32) recently was transferred from the picture desk in the news photo service to the new promotion department of the Associated Press in New York.

LORING G. HUDSON (Oregon State '27) will take a one-year leave from his position as journalism and English instructor and director of publicity at Kamehameha Schools, Honolulu, Hawaii, for a world tour, beginning in June. Hudson plans to spend a major part of his time in Japan and Europe, and to visit the leading English speaking newspapers on his itinerary, working briefly as a guest reporter with

some of them. Hudson has just completed a History of Kamehameha Schools which has been accepted by the University of Hawaii as an M.A. thesis. His degree will be granted this year.

ESTES P. TAYLOR (Northwestern '27) is editor and publisher of the Agricultural Leaders' Digest, published in Chicago.

CARL F. SCHUBRING (Minnesota '34) is sports editor of the International Falls (Minn.) Daily Journal.

LYMAN H. THOMPSON (Knox '18) is a member of the Plans Board of N. W. Ayer & Son at advertising headquarters, Philadelphia.

The appointment of PAYSON S. WILD, JR. (Wisconsin '26) as assistant professor in the Government Department of Harvard University, effective next September, has recently been announced.

JOHN R. WHITING (Ohio University '36) is general manager for the world's smallest newspaper chain, the Montgomery Standard-Reporter and the Pine Bush News, published by John O. Boyd, of New York. The circulation of the Standard-Reporter is about 800 and the Pine Bush News, 500.

DEE CARLTON BROWN (Pennsylvania '13) is manager of production, Geare-Marston, Inc., national advertising agency, 1600 Arch St., Philadelphia.

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AS WE VIEW IT

Newspapers in Flux

WE REGARD the observations and comment of Mark Ethridge, then of the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* and now general manager of the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, in the March issue of *THE QUILL*, as constituting one of the most interesting and significant articles the magazine has contained.

Entitled "Newspapers in Flux," it treated of the many developments in the field of journalism in the last 25 years and those that probably lie ahead.

One of the changes now in progress that we'd like to call to your attention—if you haven't already noticed it—is that taking place in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers. Many of these sections are rapidly becoming or have become what amounts to picture magazine sections—sections containing feature stories and articles told through pictures and a minimum of text as captions.

Here's the reason for the change as explained by W. M. Park, Sunday editor of the *Detroit News*. Incidentally, the rotogravure section of the *News* was one of the first in the country to make the shift.

"Wirephoto's development and the increased play of pictures in the daily papers, together with daily picture pages," he observes, "have just about taken breaking news picture out of the realm of rotogravure. The daily news columns and the daily picture pages use the cream of such pictures so their value in roto is gone. Now and then, of course, there is some unusual picture that can be played better in roto than in the daily—but they are rather scarce.

"The roto sections, therefore, have to turn to other sources for their pictures and to feature or 'story' pictures rather than spot news pictures. They are becoming picture magazines rather than merely a collection of photographic miscellany."

Mr. Park forecasts rapid and significant developments along these lines as editors, publishers, picture syndicates and photographers realize the trend.

And, while speaking of roto sections, have you noted the heavy upward turn of advertising lineage in roto, comic, magazine and the black and white sections of the Sunday papers? The Sunday paper has come back with a bang.

Want Help?

WHY not give yourself a break this summer, Mr. Editor or Mr. Publisher. Particularly those of you in the non-metropolitan centers.

How? By availing yourself of the services of one or more young men or women just graduating from schools or departments of journalism in major schools? Or by taking on an undergraduate wanting to get some experience before going back to the classroom to complete requirements for graduation?

You'll find them keen, willing and capable—most of them. You'll find them anxious to make good, and as interested in journalism as you ever were or will be.

They'll work like troopers for you—and they won't ask you \$100 a week to start, either. Why not give one or more of them a break, enable him or her to achieve some prac-

tical experience and at least make expenses. Pay them what you can afford to—be honest with them and yourself.

You'll be giving yourself a break at the same time. Let younger legs do the running around, the gathering of news. Take time off to go fishing or golfing—take a little longer trip than

you had originally planned. If you've picked your graduate or undergraduate with any consideration at all your paper will be in good hands. You'll come back in better shape to tackle the campaign coverage and the fall and winter advertising. You may even decide to keep your temporary hired hand permanently.

Keep Traveling

ANYONE connection with writing, editing or publishing—it always has seemed to us—should travel just as much as possible. Not necessarily 'round-the-world cruises (although that's a dream of our own that we'll always hope to make a reality) but throughout the individual's state, general area and the country as a whole.

Most of us actually know very little about our own communities or cities, still less about the various districts of the state or adjacent states, and perhaps nothing at all of the various sections of the United States as a whole.

There are newspapermen whose horizons are no wider than the City Hall, the police beat or Main Street. Their travel has been limited to the daily trek from home to office and back, a few week end trips and perhaps a trip a hundred miles or so in vacation time. Is it any wonder their outlook is provincial and that it shows in their work and in the papers they direct?

Editor, Beware!

EVERYONE seems to figure that the political campaign now gaining headway is going to be one of the "dirtiest," "most vicious" and generally all-around, Class A, hell-raising, in American history. And no one seems particularly to mind—just sort of goes around rubbing his hands in anticipation, polishing up the bifocals and getting new tubes for the radio.

This campaign will be just as dirty as editors, publishers and officials of broadcasting stations will permit it to be. They can make the contestants and their followers fight according to decent standards or let them brawl all over the paper, spilling barroom language by the yard.

And that brings up a point made by a serious-minded newspaperman the other day.

"I wish," he said slowly, "that newspapermen and newspapers as a whole would stop regarding politics and political campaigns in the nature of a game—of putting this or that candidate across in a contest or race—and get down to the fundamental economic and social principles involved."

He's probably asking too much—but what we need more than anything else in times like these are liberal, independent papers that will try to get and print facts instead of being so blindly partisan that they swallow and print any pap labeled with the party emblem of their choice.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

turned to California he brought it back with him. "Sorry," he told Max, "I couldn't do you any good."

That settled it. Miller tossed the manuscript aside and went on about his daily round of waterfront news. Several months later he received a letter. It was from a reader in a publishing house. "I'm doing something I shouldn't," the letter said, "but I've been thinking of your manuscript ever since we sent it back. I liked it then and I still like it. Why don't you send it back again and I'll see what I can do about it?"

Miller figured he could waste a few more stamps on the book so back East it went. This time it remained. A few months later the book was out, receiving enthusiastic reviews and had been bought for the movies. But if it hadn't been for that reader—

THERE'S an anti-climax to the story. Miller's friend who had taken the manuscript to the publisher met the same publisher in New York after "I Cover the Waterfront" had been published.

The publisher was getting ready to leave on a trip and had a number of books assembled to take with him. Among them was "I Cover the Waterfront."

"I see you have Max Miller's book there," commented Miller's friend. "Yes," replied the publisher, "they tell me he has something new, a different sort of style—that I ought to read it."

"You already have," retorted Miller's friend grimly.

"I have?" puzzled the publisher.

"Yes," responded Miller's friend, "you read it in manuscript!"

SOMEWHAT similar is the experience that befell A. Beverley Baxter, later to be editor-in-chief of Lord Beaverbrook's London *Daily Express*. He tells it in his very entertaining autobiography, "Strange Street," recently published by the D. Appleton-Century Co. (\$3.00).

Baxter, a native of Toronto, began writing a novel following his return home after the World War. He already had written and sold several short stories. When he had some 40,000 words written, the first half of the book, he sent it to the firm of Chambers, in Edinburgh. Four, five and at last seven weeks passed and there was no word as to the fate of the manuscript.

Desperate, Baxter cabled to ask if

the manuscript had been received. Back came a cable in true Scotch tradition. The cable read: "Yes."

Some days later the mail carrier left a bulky package at the Baxter home. The name of W. & R. Chambers was on the outside.

Failure! Baxter didn't open the package. There was no need to. He thrust the package into a drawer and went out to try to forget it—to decide what his future would be—whether he should continue his endeavors to write. After a day in meditation he returned home and pulled the package from the drawer.

No matter what he did, he might as well know what they'd said about the thing. Savagely he slashed open the envelope. Months of work—40,000 words—

What was this! The package continued *printer's proofs*! And a letter—a letter which said the publishers considered his novel an excellent piece of writing. That they not only would publish it in book form but also would run it serially in *Chambers' Journal*. Would he please send the rest of it as soon as possible?

There was rejoicing aplenty in the Baxter household that night!

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